

WAs not good Kpng Salamon
 Rauished in sondry wyse
 With euery liuelie Paragon
 That glistered before his eyes
 If this be true as trewe it was
 Lady lady.
 Why should not I serue you alas
 My deare lady.

When Paris Was enamoured
 With Helena dame bewties peare
 Whom Venus first him promised
 To venter on and not to feare
 What sturdy stormes endured he
 Lady lady
 To winne her loue er it would be
 My deare lady.

Know ye not howe Troilus
 Languished and lost his ioye
 With fittes and fevers meruailous
 For Cressida that dwelt in Troie
 Till pytie planted in her brest
 lady lady.
 To slepe with him & graunt him rest
 My deare lady.

I read somtyme howe venterous
 Leander Was his loue to please
 Who swomme the waters perillous
 Of Abidon thos surginge seale
 To come to her where as she lay
 lady lady.
 Till he was drowned by the waye
 my deare lady.

What say ye then to Priamus
 That promised his loue to mete
 And founde by fortune maruailous
 A bloudie cloth before his seete
 For Tylbies sake hym selfe he slewe
 lady lady
 To proue that he was a louer trewe
 my deare lady.

When Hercules for Cronis
 murdered a monster tell
 He put him selfe in leoperdie
 Perillous as the stories tell
 Reske winge her vpon the shore
 lady lady.
 Whiche els by lot had died therfore
 my deare lady.

Anararetis bewtifull
 When Jphis did beholde and see
 With sighes and sobbinges pitifull
 That Paragon longe wooed he
 And when he could not wynne her so
 Lady lady
 He went and honge him selfe for woe
 My deare lady.

Besides these matters maruailous
 Good Lady yet I can tell the more
 The Gods haue ben full-amourous
 As Jupiter by learned lore
 Who changed his shape as fame hath
 lady lady. spred
 To come to Alcumenaes bed.
 My deare lady.

And if be wtie breed such blisfulnesse
 Euamouring both God and man
 Good Lady let no wilfulnesse
 Cruperate your bewtye then
 To slape the hertes that yeld & craue
 lady lady
 The graunt of your good wil to haue
 My deare lady.

Finis. q w. c.

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